

READINGS BOOKLET



GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 30

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

June 1990

Alberta
EDUCATION

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**GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 30**

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

READINGS BOOKLET

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

Part B of the English 30 Diploma Examination has 70 questions in the Questions Booklet and seven reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

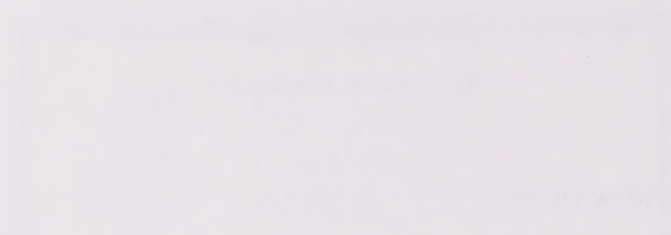
BE SURE THAT YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 30 QUESTIONS BOOKLET AND AN ENGLISH 30 READINGS BOOKLET.

YOU HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

JUNE 1990

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- I. Questions 1 to 10 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the lecture entitled ¿Aca nada? printed in the *Times Educational Supplement*, September 1988.

from ¿ACA NADA?¹

In the context of the implications of free trade between Canada and the United States, the author reflects on Canada's past and its search for a national "soul" in a lecture presented in Edinburgh prior to the signing of the Free Trade Agreement.

- Is Canada a country without a mythology? The phrase is a provocative one, but it talks of an impossibility. The base and ground of all mythologies is human experience, which does not vary immeasurably from one people to another; mythology is the way in which a particular people has chosen to state its experience, to
5 impress other people but also in the hope of understanding itself. Mythologies are not coherent structures, except when they are regularized for children's reading. Mythologies are huge cairns of anything and everything that helps to explain a people to itself; some of the rocks in the cairn are ugly boulders and others may be quite smooth pebbles. It doesn't matter so long as the cairn rises above the
10 level ground and serves, in some way, as a home of the gods. Canada has a mythology, but it is only now, after about 400 years of history, being forced to decide what it is going to do about it.

- The pressure comes from outside. Canada was for long a British colony, and never the favourite colony because it is a land that has never appealed powerfully
15 to the European imagination. The French have never thought well of it. The early explorer, Jacques Cartier, wrote quite seriously that it was "the land God gave to Cain".² Voltaire called it a few acres of snow. Napoleon, when he was reduced to giving advice from his seclusion on St. Helena, said that England would be better off without it. British administrators who were sent there tended to regard
20 it as a place of exile. Things have not got better. It is asserted that our name comes from the remark of a Spanish explorer, "Aca nada" — "nothing there". Kingsley Amis, never behindhand with a nasty crack, nominates *Canadian Wit and Humour* as one of the world's shortest books. I could go on for a long time in this strain, for Canada may say with Falstaff: "Men of all sorts take a pride to
25 gird at me." But whatever outsiders may say to the detriment of Canada, we say much worse things ourselves. Indeed, in an early play of mine, I once said that Canada was not a country one loved, but a country one worried about, and to my dismay I now find that remark enshrined in a book of quotations.

- And yet, somehow, by sheer weight of geography, and the passage of time,
30 and a slow accumulation of national wealth, we seem to be forcing ourselves upon the attention of the world, and we are now in the uncomfortable position of having to discover, and in some measure to define, our national soul.

- Are we late in the day? Not really. I suppose if we were to assign sizes to national souls, as we do to hats, we might agree that the largest, most powerfully
35 defined national soul in all of history — the unquestioned number nine — would

Continued

¹¿ACA NADA? — the inverted question mark is Spanish punctuation

²the land God gave to Cain — a reference to the Biblical account of Cain's punishment of exile to a barren land

be Russia, but it was not until the nineteenth century that anybody began to talk about the Russian Soul. We are a little bit slow in getting off the mark, but we have begun, and the talk of the Canadian soul has begun for us, as it began for Russia, with our writers.

40 Is it fanciful to ascribe a psychological character to a country? If that were so, how would we know the French to be French, the Germans to be Germans and the Scots to be Scots? These people, of course, exhibit obvious and sometimes even farcical national characteristics, but such things are not what give them individuality. In Canada we have nothing that marks us outwardly as what we are,
45 but the inward character is something very clear, when you know what you are looking for.

In psychological terms Canada is very much an introverted country, and it lives cheek by jowl with the most extroverted country in the world, and indeed the most extroverted country known to history. Let me explain the terms. In
50 personal psychology, the extrovert is one who derives his energy from his contacts with the external world; for him, everything lies outside and he moves outward toward it, often without much sensitivity to the response of that toward which he moves. The introvert, on the other hand, finds his energy within himself, and his concern with the outside world is a matter of what approach the outside world
55 makes to him. It is absurd to say that one psychological orientation is superior to the other. Both have their value, but difficulties arise when they fail to understand one another.

The extroversion of the United States is easy to see. It assumes that it must dominate, that its political and moral views are superior to all others, and that it
60 is justified in interference with countries it thinks undemocratic, meaning unlike itself. It has also the happy extrovert characteristic of seeing all evil as exterior to itself, and resistance to that evil as a primary national duty. This is what makes so much trouble between the United States and the Soviet Union; the fact that the Soviet Union is, and has been all through its history, a strongly introverted state
65 makes for continuous trouble and ill-will, and assertions of moral superiority on both sides.

Canada, the introverted country, feels no impulsion to spread its domination beyond its own boundaries, and has shown itself generous and sometimes absurdly permissive in its acceptance of the behaviour and customs of the numberless refugees
70 that seek our shores. We are prepared to put up with almost anything to avoid trouble. This looks like weakness, and sometimes it is. But it also brings the introvert trait of selfishness. Americans are generous to a fault: we sometimes behave as though it were a fault to be generous, and we are used to being rapped over the knuckles because we do not give enough to have-not countries of the
75 Third World. We wonder, deep in our hearts, how they are ever to make a place in the world if they are always on the take. That was not the way we had to do it. Deep in our hearts we are what you might choose to call a thrawn³ people. Such a description is not wholly justified, but it is not without some grounds. Now, suddenly, because of a desire on the part of our Government and our
80 powerful and vocal business community, we are faced by the likelihood of what many of us see as, eventually, a take-over not immediately political, but cultural and indeed spiritual.

Continued

³thrown — sullen, contrary, peevish

A country's literature is a crystal ball into which its people may look to understand their past and their present, and to find some foretaste of their future. 85 The pictures are never simple, never wholly clear, and certainly never didactic. They need interpretation; not the interpretation of the literary critic, unless the critic is a person of gifts comparable to the writer, but the interpretation of the heart, the sympathy and understanding that are the partners of insight. Canada has, 90 over the years, produced such a literature, and during the past quarter of a century that literature has grown to an extraordinary maturity. It has done so with the encouragement of a growing body of readers who want to hear what their writers have to say, and make it part of their national consciousness. I avoid the term "national culture" because it has been abused by people who think of culture as a commodity, separable from the rest of the national life. Culture is an ambience, 95 a part of the air we breathe. That special ozone is now to be breathed in Canada, because it arises from the land itself — not a few acres of snow, but a country of immensely varied beauty of landscape and of season, including our lovely and dangerous winters. It arises from our history, not dull, but covered, sombre in palette but with wonderful flashes of brilliance. It arises from our psychology, 100 which takes its colour from the land and the history. Political unity with a more aggressive and powerful country may not be the death of the essence of one's own country, but such a link could be dangerous and in some respects depleting, and I hope we have the self-preservative good sense to declare against it. A strong link already exists, and it is sufficient without turning the link into a shackle.

Robertson Davies,
Contemporary Canadian novelist and literary critic

II. Questions 11 to 22 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the novel *Jerusalem the Golden*.

from JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

Clara is in her final year of high school in Northam, England.

The worst moments of Clara's domestic life were not those moments at which domestic indifference fronted her most blankly and sheerly, for they could be faced by an equally stony frontage — they were those which bore witness to hidden chinks and faults, deep within the structure. One of the events which shook her most of all was the occasion upon which her mother gave her permission to go on the school trip to Paris. This school trip was not an annual event, but a newly-organised affair, to which the school's attention had been drawn by the tireless Miss Haines; it was to take place in Clara's last year, when she was seventeen, a year after her father's death. All those who were doing Advanced Level French were encouraged to go, and most of them were only too glad to do so, because the trip was both cheap and co-educational. Clara, when the idea was broached, declared instantly that it was not worth her while to ask her mother's permission, whereupon the school embarrassingly said that if it were finance that were in question, then help might be forthcoming. Clara could not explain to the school that it was not so much a question of finance, as of her mother's instinctive opposition to any pleasurable project — and anyone could see that a visit to Paris could not possibly fail to entail more pleasure than instruction. Finance was not, in fact, particularly in question, as Mr. Maugham had provided for his family with a thoroughness that bordered upon the reckless — in so far as a man may squander upon insurance, he had done so.

The school's offer of support put Clara in a difficult position, because she felt obliged to make the project known to her mother. She did not feel she could turn down such charity without proof of the necessary conditions of rejection. She had, at first, absolutely no hope of consent, and for a week or so she tossed in bed at night preparing to brace her spirit against the inevitable refusal. And then, under pressure from her friend, Walter Ash, she allowed to slip into her mind the faint, faint hope that by some quirk of reasoning her mother might be persuaded to agree. Once she had admitted the hope, she was inundated by whole floods of desire; the project took life in her mind, the trees grew leaves, the cathedrals grew towers and arches, the river flowed beneath its bridges. A whole week in Paris at Easter seemed to her something for which she would willingly have sold her soul. She tried, bitterly, to resist this fatal colouring; she tried to reduce the trip to words upon a notice board; but the mind had gone its own way, and she could not force it back into its grey and natal landscape. She turned on Walter Ash and reviled him for allowing her to hope, and indeed, despite the final outcome, it was his dangerous encouragement of this scheme that prefaced her final disillusion with him. She could not bear the sensations of loss with which she knew that she would be obliged to sit down and confront her mother. She hated the school for forcing her through the mockery of enquiry. She wished that the whole thing had never been.

And yet, when she finally, despairingly, screwed herself up and loosed the small words into the drawing room air, her mother said yes. Sitting there, knitting,

Continued

watching the television, knitting, her lips pursed over some unimaginable grievance, she listened, and nodded, and thought, and said yes. Clara, who had phrased the question so deviously, flinching in preparation from a brutal negative, thought that she must have misunderstood, and repeated the whole rigmarole, and her mother once more nodded her head and said yes. Or rather, she did not say "Yes" — she said "We'll have to see," but in her terminology this counted as a positive affirmative. Clara, perched nervously on the edge of her easy chair, was almost too overwrought to continue the conversation, but she managed to say, "You mean you really think I might be able to go?"

"I don't see why not," said Mrs. Maugham, with a tight smile which seemed to indicate pleasure in her daughter's confusion. "I can't say that I see why not. You say all the other girls are going, and if it's such a bargain as you say, then I don't see why not. Do you?"

Clara could hardly shriek at her, you know bloody well why not, you know bloody well why I can't go, it's because you're such a bloody-minded sadistic old hypocrite, it's because you think Paris is vice itself, and so do I, and so do I, and that's why I want to go, and that's why you won't bloody well let me. She could say nothing. So she said nothing. But she was almost choking with emotion. And not with joy, either.

"I don't see," continued Mrs. Maugham, "why you shouldn't have a bit of fun too. And if you say it'll be such a help to you, with your examinations, I don't see why you shouldn't go."

Clara did not know where to look.

"Thank you," she said, and then, with a fine instinct for disaster, she tried to think of something to say to avert her mother's next words, she tried to speak, but she could think of nothing, and her mother, shifting in her seat, said,

"After all, Clara, you've had a hard year. With your father. You deserve a change."

And Clara sat there and endured it. Because the truth was that this evidence of care and tenderness was harder to bear than any neglect, for it threw into question the whole basis of their lives together. Perhaps there was hope, perhaps all was not harsh antipathy, perhaps a better daughter might have found a way to soften such a mother. And if all were not lost, what effort, what strain, what retraced miles, what recriminations, what intolerable forgivenesses were not to be undergone? And who, having heard impartially this interchange, would have believed in Clara's cause? Clara's one solace had been the cold, tight dignity of her case, and this had been stolen from her, robbed from her by an elderly woman's few words of casual humanity. She had learned a fine way of sustaining the role of deprivation, but gratitude was an emotion beyond her range.

She sat there in silence, and resentment made her cheeks hot; she resented the wasted hours of battle with her own desires, she resented her failed and needless attempts at empire, she was filled with hatred at the thought of lost anticipations. Now that she was to go, she knew that she might have had the pleasure of looking forward to going, instead of such long and cheerless debates and equivocations. Bitterly she thought, it is all spoiled, spoiled by consent, spoiled by refusal, it does not matter if I go or stay. By letting me go, she is merely increasing her power, for she is outmartyring my martyrdom. I die from loss, or I die from guilt, and either way I die.

Continued

It came to her later, as she started to do her homework, that Racine and Corneille¹ appealed to her so strongly because their ways were hers. For one event, five acts of deliberation. But she played alone, because the other people would not play. And she thought, as she sat there translating a piece of Polyeucte,² that
95 if ever she could find the personages for the rest of her tragedy, then her happiness would be complete. That would be what she would want from life; she would want no more than that.

Before the departure for Paris, Mrs. Maugham fortunately forfeited her position by various gratuitous and irrelevant remarks about the expense. Clara, grown
100 careless and ruthless now that the struggle was over, did not fail to point out that the school would have helped upon request. Mrs. Maugham countered this with contemptuous remarks about charity, and about the dignity of the family, and the lack of dignity of various families in the neighbourhood. Clara swore that she would pay for herself out of her Post Office Savings: her mother said that her
105 dead father hadn't put that money away for her to squander on trips abroad. Clara pointed out that it hadn't been donated by her father in the first place, but by Aunt Doris, as birthday presents, over the past seventeen years. "Well then, your Aunt Doris didn't give it to you to squander on trips abroad," said Mrs. Maugham. And she was right there, too, but Clara was beyond the rights and wrongs of the
110 case, blissfully carried away into the angry, amoral world of combat, wonderfully disconnected from truth and falsehood, freed from gratitude by meanness, released from effort by knowledge of fruitless impossibility.

And after no matter what contortions, it was upon Northam Station that she found herself, and with a ticket for Paris in her purse. And she thought, as she
115 stood there with Rosie, Susie, Katie, Isabel, Janice and Heather, that none of it mattered, none of it had any importance, in view of the fact that she was going. What could those apprehensions signify, in the light of departure? Excitement had for days so filled her that she could not sleep, and now at last she had embarked upon it; thoughts of loss and martyrdom paled before the facts. What she had
120 wanted, she was to have. And she thought, guiltily, I do not even feel guilty.

Northam Station seemed to her a peculiarly lovely spot for such an embarkation. It was vaulted and filthy, black with the grime of decades, and its sooty defaced posters spoke to her of the petty romances of others, and she was going to Paris, albeit in a school raincoat, and with a beret on her head. The station had always
125 been for her a place instinct with glory; its function beautified it immeasurably in her eyes. She felt herself to be of right there, to have a place upon its departure platforms, and the London train drew in for her with a particular significance. She had been to London once before only, and now she was going to Paris. As the train pulled out of the station, she watched the black and ridged and hard
130 receding buttressed walls, travelling through their narrow channel into some brighter birth, and into some less obstinately alien world. And as they passed the rows upon rows of back yards, the grey washing on curious pulleys, the backs of hardboard dressing tables, the dust-bins and the coal sheds, it occurred to her to

Continued

¹Racine and Corneille — 17th century French dramatists

²Polyeucte — a tragedy by Corneille concerning the life of a Roman martyr

135 wonder why she should so suddenly feel herself to be peculiarly blessed, and a dreadful grief for all those without blessings took hold of her, and a terror at the singular nature of her escape. Out of so many thousands, one. Narrow was the gate, and the hillsides were crowded with the serried² dwellings of the cramped and groaning multitudes, the ranks of the Unelect, and she the one white soul flew dangerously forth into some glorious and exclusive shining heaven.

Margaret Drabble,
Contemporary English novelist

²serried — pressed together in rows

III. Questions 23 to 31 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

AMBULANCES

- Closed like confessionals, they thread
Loud noons of cities, giving back
None of the glances they absorb.
Light glossy grey, arms on a plaque,
5 They come to rest at any kerb:¹
All streets in time are visited.
- Then children strewn on steps or road,
Or women coming from the shops
Past smells of different dinners, see
10 A wild white face that overtops
Red stretcher-blankets momentarily
As it is carried in and stowed,
- And sense the solving emptiness
That lies just under all we do,
15 And for a second get it whole,
So permanent and blank and true.
The fastened doors recede. *Poor soul*,
They whisper at their own distress;
- For borne away in deadened air
20 May go the sudden shut of loss
Round something nearly at an end,
And what cohered in it across
The years, the unique random blend
Of families and fashions, there
- 25 At last begin to loosen. Far
From the exchange of love to lie
Unreachable inside a room
The traffic parts to let go by
Brings closer what is left to come,
30 And dulls to distance all we are.

Philip Larkin,
English poet, 1922-1986

¹kerb — British spelling of curb

IV. Questions 32 to 41 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the play *Henry the Fifth*.

from HENRY THE FIFTH, Act IV, scene i

CHARACTERS:

King Henry V — King of England

John Bates
Michael Williams } soldiers in the King's army

The army of King Henry V is camped at Agincourt in France preparing for battle at daybreak with the French army. In the cloak of darkness, and disguised as a soldier, Henry joins two soldiers who are talking.

WILLIAMS: 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the King is not to answer it.

BATES: I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

5 **KING HENRY:** I myself heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

WILLIAMS: Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd and we ne'er the wiser.

KING HENRY: If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

10 **WILLIAMS:** You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an eldergun,¹ that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'd never trust his word after! Come, 'tis a foolish saying.

KING HENRY: Your reproof is something too round.² I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

15 **WILLIAMS:** Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

KING HENRY: I embrace it.

WILLIAMS: How shall I know thee again?

KING HENRY: Give me any gage³ of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

20 **WILLIAMS:** Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

KING HENRY: There.

WILLIAMS: This will I also wear in my cap. If ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

25 **KING HENRY:** If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

WILLIAMS: Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

KING HENRY: Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

WILLIAMS: Keep thy word; fare thee well.

Continued

¹eldergun — pop-gun made by removing the pith from a piece of elder wood

²round — harsh

³gage — pledge

30 **BATES:** Be friends, you English fools, be friends. We have French quarrels enow,⁴
if you could tell how to reckon.
KING HENRY: Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they
will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders; but it is no English
treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the King himself will be a
clipper.⁵

35 (Exeunt soldiers.)

Upon the King! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins lay on the King!
We must bear all. O hard condition,
40 Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing!⁶ What infinite heart's-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too.
45 Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? What are thy comings in?
50 O Ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?⁷
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
55 Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
60 With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
65 I am a king that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced⁸ title running 'fore the King,
70 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world, —

Continued

⁴enow — enough

⁵clipper — a pun on *clip* (1) to cut off (2) to trim the edges of coins for gold or silver

⁶wringing — writhing

⁷thy . . . adoration — the secret of the adoration paid thee

⁸farced — stuffed, pompous

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestic,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
 75 Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
 But like a lackey from the rise to set
 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus,⁹ and all night
 80 Sleeps in Elysium;¹⁰ next day after dawn,
 Doth rise and help Hyperion¹¹ to his horse,
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour to his grave:
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 85 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots¹²
 What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace,
 90 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

William Shakespeare

⁹Phoebus — from Greek mythology: god of the sun

¹⁰Elysium — from Greek mythology: isles of the Blessed

¹¹Hyperion — from Greek mythology: personification of the sun

¹²little wots — little knows

V. Questions 42 to 53 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the play *Mary of Scotland*.

from MARY OF SCOTLAND, Act I, scene ii

CHARACTERS:

Elizabeth — Elizabeth I, Queen of England and Ireland, 1558-1603

Lord Burghley — chief secretary of state to Elizabeth

A corner of QUEEN ELIZABETH's study at Whitehall. It is morning, but the sun has not yet risen. ELIZABETH is up early to go over plans with LORD BURGHLEY, who sits opposite her at a small table on which an hour-glass stands like a paper-weight on their notes. She is a young woman, beautiful, with a crafty face. Tall candles burn behind them in a sconce. Outside the circle of light the scene is indefinite.

BURGHLEY: It still lacks something of dawn, Your Majesty.

ELIZABETH: We have one more hour before the palace will be stirring. You said, I believe, that you have made memoranda in regard to Mary Stuart?

BURGHLEY: I have set down the facts as we must face them, and alternative
5 policies.

ELIZABETH: Read them, if you will. And turn the glass. It's run out.

BURGHLEY (*Turning the hour-glass and taking up a paper*): They are not in
order, but the main points are covered. First, Mary Stuart has crossed from
France to Scotland against your advice and without your safe-conduct. This
10 is in itself a slight to Your Majesty, and almost a challenge, though not one
of which you can take public cognizance.

ELIZABETH: Yes.

BURGHLEY: Second, she has been crowned Queen of Scotland, this also against
your wish and in defiance of your policy. This may be construed as an open
15 breach of friendship, or may be overlooked, as Your Majesty may desire —
and as it may seem best.

ELIZABETH: Yes.

BURGHLEY: Third, she is a Catholic and related by blood to the most powerful
Catholic house in France, which constitutes her a public danger to Protestant
20 England. Fourth, she is next heir after Your Majesty to the throne of England,
and is held by Catholic Europe to be the rightful queen of England at the
present time, Your Majesty being regarded by all Catholics as a pretender,
unjustly seated on your throne.

ELIZABETH: True. Proceed. You have more on that point. They believe me a
25 bastard and say so. Very well, let us face that, too.

BURGHLEY: Fifth, then — you are held by Catholic Europe to be the illegitimate
daughter of Henry the Eighth, the divorce of Henry from Catherine of Aragon
being unrecognized by the Church of Rome and his marriage to your mother,
Anne Boleyn, deemed invalid. Sixth, these things being true, Your Majesty
30 must not allow Marie¹ Stuart to succeed as Queen of Scotland. For in so far

Continued

¹Marie — Mary, called Marie here because of her association with France

as she is secure in Scotland you are insecure in England. Your Majesty will forgive my bad habit of setting down in writing what is so obvious, but it is only by looking hard at these premises that I am able to discover what must be done.

35 **ELIZABETH:** Out with it then. What must be done?

BURGHLEY: She must be defeated.

ELIZABETH: How?

BURGHLEY: Is there more than one way? We must pick our quarrel and send an army into Scotland.

40 **ELIZABETH:** Declare war?

BURGHLEY: Perhaps not openly — but we have excuse for it.

ELIZABETH: And reason?

BURGHLEY: She must be defeated.

ELIZABETH: Truly, but not so quick, not so quick with wars and troops and expenses. Have you no better counsel?

45 **BURGHLEY:** In all of my reading I have found no case of a sovereign deposed without violence.

ELIZABETH: And in all those voluminous notes of yours you have set down no other method save warfare? The last resort, the most difficult, costly and hazardous of all?

50 **BURGHLEY:** It is the only sure method, and you cannot afford to fail.

ELIZABETH: My dear Burghley, in any project which affects England and our own person so nearly we have no intention of failing. But you have overlooked in your summary two considerations which simplify the problem. One is the internal dissension in Scotland, half Protestant, half Catholic, and divided in

55 a mortal enmity —
BURGHLEY: Overlooked it! Madame, it is the main argument for an immediate declaration of war — Edinburgh would rally to your arms overnight! This is our opportunity to unite England and Scotland!

60 **ELIZABETH:** A war would unite Scotland against us — unite Scotland under Mary. No — it is necessary first to undermine her with her own subjects.

BURGHLEY: And how would that be accomplished?

ELIZABETH: This brings me to the second consideration which you overlook — the conduct and reputation of Mary herself.

65 **BURGHLEY:** Would that affect our policy?

ELIZABETH: It will make it. Merely to remind us, will you read over again the report of Mary's character in Randolph's latest budget of news?

BURGHLEY: This? "As for the person of Marie, our new Queen, I must say in truth that she is of high carriage, beautiful in a grave way —"

70 **ELIZABETH:** So — go on.

BURGHLEY: "Beautiful, in a grave way, somewhat gamesome and given to lightness of manner among her lords as well as with other company, very quick-witted to answer back, and addicted to mirth and dancing, wherewith she hath made many converts to her cause among those most disaffected, though there be also those found to say her manners might more beseem the stews or places of low resort than so ancient a palace and line —"

75 **ELIZABETH:** You see, she is a Stuart.

BURGHLEY: "Moreover, she hath allowed herself to be seen much in the company of certain men, among them the Earl of Bothwell, and hath borne herself among these men, they being known of somewhat loose report, in such fashion

80

Continued

as to give scandal to the stricter sort here, she not scanting to lend her eyes or hands or tongue to a kind of nimble and facile exchange of smiles and greetings which might better become the hostess of an alehouse, seeking to win custom. Natheless she is liked, and greatly liked by those on whom she hath smiled closely, they being won not as a wise sovereign wins subjects, but as a woman wins men."

ELIZABETH: Yes, a Stuart. Have you yet seen what we must do?

BURGHLEY: I find in this only a graver and more malicious danger.

ELIZABETH: And you would still make war?

90 **BURGHLEY:** Your Majesty, it will be war whether we like it or not — and there is imminent danger, danger to your throne and life. The more suddenly you act the less effort will be needed —

ELIZABETH: My lord, my lord, it is hard to thrust a queen from her throne, but suppose a queen were led to destroy herself, led carefully from one step to another in a long descent until at last she stood condemned among her own subjects, barren of royalty, stripped of force, and the people of Scotland were to deal with her for us?

BURGHLEY: She would crush a rebellion.

100 **ELIZABETH:** She would now, but wait. She is a Catholic, and for that half her people distrust her. She has a name for coquetry and easy smiling, and we shall build that up into a name for wantonness and loose behaviour. She is seen to have French manners; we shall make it appear that these manners indicate a false heart and hollow faith.

BURGHLEY: Can this be done?

105 **ELIZABETH:** She is a woman, remember, and open to attack as a woman. We shall set tongues wagging about her. And since it may be true that she is of a keen and noble mind, let us take care of that too. Let us marry her to a weakling and a fool. A woman's mind and spirit are no better than those of the man she lies with in the night.

110 **BURGHLEY:** She will hardly marry to our convenience, madame.

ELIZABETH: Not if she were aware of it. But she is next heir to my throne; she will hope for children to sit on it, and she will therefore wish to marry a man acceptable as the father of kings. We can make use of that.

BURGHLEY: Only perhaps.

115 **ELIZABETH:** No, certainly. She is a woman and already jealous for the children she may bear. To my mind the man she marries must be of good appearance, in order that she may want him, but a fool, in order that he may ruin her, and a Catholic, in order to set half her people against her.

BURGHLEY: We know that she is seen much with Bothwell.

120 **ELIZABETH:** And he is a Protestant.

BURGHLEY: He is a Protestant. Now suddenly it occurs to me. If she were to marry a Protestant and turn Protestant herself, would she not make an acceptable ally? —

125 **ELIZABETH** (*Rising*): I do not wish her for an ally! Have you not yet understood? I wish her a Catholic and an enemy, that I may see her blood run at my feet! Since Bothwell is a Protestant, the more reason for dangling some handsome youngster instantly in the north, as if by accident, nay, as if against my will, some youngster with courtly manners, lacking in brain, a Catholic, and of a blood-strain that would strengthen pretensions to the throne of
130 England.

Continued

BURGHLEY: You have thought of someone?

ELIZABETH: I have thought of several. I shall even let it be rumored that I oppose such a marriage. I shall let it go abroad that I favor someone else.

BURGHLEY: Who is the man?

135 **ELIZABETH:** I have thought of Darnley.

BURGHLEY: But after herself Darnley is in fact heir to the English throne. An alliance with him would actually strengthen her claim to succeed to your place.

ELIZABETH: The better, the better. He is handsome, and of good bearing?

140 **BURGHLEY:** Yes.

ELIZABETH: And a fool?

BURGHLEY: A boasting, drunken boy.

ELIZABETH: And a Catholic.

BURGHLEY: As you know.

145 **ELIZABETH:** If I give out that I am determined against it, she will marry him, and he will drag her down, awaken her senses to become his slave, turn her people against her, make her a fool in council, curb this pretty strumpetry that gains her friends, haul her by the hair for jealousy, get her big with child, too, and spoil her beauty. I tell you a queen who marries is no queen,
150 a woman who marries is a puppet — and she will marry — she must marry to staunch that Stuart blood.

BURGHLEY: This will take time.

ELIZABETH: It may take many years. I can wait.

Maxwell Anderson,
American playwright, 1888-1959

VI. Questions 54 to 63 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the essay “Africa” in *Time* magazine, February 1987.

from AFRICA

The animals stand motionless in gold-white grasses — zebras and impala, Thomson’s gazelles and Cape buffalo and hartebeests and waterbuck and giraffes, and wildebeests by the thousands, all fixed in art naive, in a smiting equatorial light. They stand in the shadowless clarity of creation.

5 Now across the immense African landscape, from the distant escarpment, a gray-purple rainstorm blows. It encroaches upon the sunlight, moving through the air like a dark idea. East Africa has a genius for such moments. Wildlife and landscape here have about them a force of melodrama and annunciation.¹ They are the *Book of Genesis*² enacted as an afternoon dream.

10 In Amboseli, under the snow-covered dome of Mount Kilimanjaro, a herd of elephants moves like a dense gray cloud, slow motion, in lumbering solidity: a mirage of floating boulders. Around them dust devils rise spontaneously out of the desert, little tornadoes that swirl up on the thermals and go jittering and rushing among the animals like evil spirits busy in the primal garden.

15 Later, in the sweet last light of the afternoon, a lion prowls in lion-colored grasses and vanishes into the perfect camouflage — setting off for the hunt, alert, indolent and somehow abstracted, as cats are. A rhinoceros disappears: the eye loses it among gray boulders and thorn trees. The rhino becomes a boulder.

To the human eye, the animals so often seem mirages: now you see them, 20 now you don’t. Later, just after dusk, Abyssinian nightjars discover the magic wash of the headlight beams. The birds flit in and out of the barrels of light, like dolphins frisking before a boat’s prow. . . .

Africa has its blinding clarities and its shadows. The clarities proclaim something primal, the first days of life. The shadows lie at the other extreme of time: in 25 the premonition of last days, of extinction. Now you see the animals. Soon, perhaps, you won’t. . . .

What is the point of wild animals? If lions and leopards and rhinos and giraffes are merely decorative, or merely a nuisance, then the world will no more mourn them than it mourns the stegosaurus or the millions of buffalo that once 30 wandered across the American plains. Is all animal life sacred? How would one react to the extinction of, say, the rattlesnake?

A farmer named Jim Trench was driving around his place near Mount Kenya one day in a rainstorm, showing the visitor the giraffes that share the land with his livestock. He remarked, “Africa would not be Africa without the wild animals.”

35 There are parts of Africa that are less and less Africa every day. Kenya, for example, has the highest rate of population growth in the world (4%). Half of the country’s people are under the age of 15. The Malthusian arithmetic ticks away.

Continued

¹annunciation — proclamation, announcement

²*Book of Genesis* — the first book of the Old Testament; a Biblical account of the creation of the earth

Progress: fewer infants die, old people live longer than before. The population will double by the year 2000, to 40 million, and then double again early in the 21st century. The human generations tumble out.

Those who live among the wild animals may be excused if they sometimes do not share the American's or the European's mystical enthusiasm for the beasts. Farmers like the Kikuyu, the Embu and the Meru regard the wild animals as dangerous and destructive nuisances. Crop-raiding baboons are esteemed among African farmers about as highly as the coyote is admired among West Texas ranchers. They are considered vermin. Elephants passing through a Kikuyu *shamba* (small farm) one night can wipe out a farmer's profit for a year. The law forbids killing them. If the elephants and giraffes and lions pay for themselves by bringing in the tourists and their dollars, if they prove their worth, then perhaps the governments of Africa will, before it is too late, organize the political will to protect them as a natural resource. But what do wild animals mean?

The wild animals fetch back at least 2 million years. They represent, we imagine, the first order and they are vividly marked with genius of design: life poured into pure forms, life unmitigated by complexities of consciousness, language, ethics, treachery, revulsion, reason, religion, premeditation or free will. A wild animal does not contradict its own nature, does not thwart itself, as man endlessly does. A wild animal never plays for the other side. The wild animals are a holiday from deliberation. They are sheer life. To behold a bright being that lives without thought is, to the complex, cross-grained human mind, profoundly liberating. And even if they had no effect upon the human mind, still the wild animals are life — other life.

John Donne asked, "Was not the first man, by the desire of knowledge, corrupted even in the whitest integrity of nature?" The animals are a last glimpse of that shadowless life, previous to time and thought. They are a pure connection to divine imagination.

Lance Morrow,
American journalist

VII. Questions 64 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

FOR LITTLE BOYS DESTINED FOR BIG BUSINESS

Sleep, my baby, little elf;
Grow up honest — with yourself;
Always unto others do
What they'd like to do to you.

- 5 Love your neighbour — he may be
Useful; and besides, it's free;
But should he more than friendship seek
Always turn the other cheek.

- 10 Help the needy — all that's lent
Brings from six to ten percent
Place your trust in heaven, but keep
Your money working while you sleep.

- Loyal be to loyal friends;
Make them pay you dividends;
15 Work, like the industrious bee,
Your friends and foes impartially.

- While the tender conscience frets
All things come to him who gets;
All that glitters will for gold
20 Glitter more a thousand fold.

Plutocratic¹ precious, sleep
Finer feelings all will keep;
Easy lies the head that wears
A crown among both bulls and bears.²

Jan Motyl,
Canadian poet, 1921-1983

¹Plutocratic — of the (ruling) wealthy class

²bulls and bears — on the stock exchange, a “bear” market is characterized by low activity, little profit-taking (in hibernation). A “bull” market is characterized by active buying and selling, growth and profit-taking. The challenge for investors is to make money on both kinds of markets.

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